A Friend in Sea & Fire

by Crystallion12

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Summary: Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur. Face. [Set RTTE S2. 'Reckless Or Selfless' AU]

1. Chapter 1- What you thought was Bad

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur. Face.

Chapter One:

What you thought was Bad.

Hiccup's day, so far, had been going horribly.

Thinking back, it had actually looked like it would be fine- that was, of course, until the Clubhouse was set alight with flames.

Following the sound of Snotlout's screams and Hookfang's roars, he had found that it was his cousin's turn to cook... Which unsurprisingly, ended with disaster. It always did, actually... Why did he even suggest the chore schedule in the first place?

Thankfully, the gang was quick onto the job.

And all was set back to normal, the Clubhouse only slightly damaged, and Snotlout's rear end... Well, he wasn't exactly impressed, and it made sense. Hiccup wouldn't like it either if his back end's clothing was burned off, and his bare bottom was blistering. Now that, would haunt Hiccup's dreams forever.

Next came Melody's first interaction with the Night Terrors- which was not expected AT ALL. Ever since she had become a permanent member of Dragon's Edge, the Butterfly-like dragon had begun to get interested in her surroundings- more specifically, the Night Terrors. Hiccup wasn't too sure what she liked the most about them, but he would sometimes find her sitting on the edge of his hut's platform, watching them with cooes and happy eyes.

But he had never expected her attempt to make friends. He knew she wasn't very good at first impressions... Which was mostly the reason why her actions scared the living daylights out of the thunder **[1]** of dragons.

And thus, he and the gang had spent the next six hours gathering the Night Terrors back up. All the while, Hiccup, being still slightly in the recovery zone from the 'Ice Cavern Incident', and taking it easy, tried to find the guilty Deathsong, who he found in a cave, cowering. And convincing Melody he wasn't mad at her was a nightmare just in its name. The actual action took even longer than the gang rounding up the fled dragons.

And to top his absolutely infuriating day off, lastly, the annoying factor of the day, that was the Air Mail sent from Berk, from his father.

The message in the letter was simple, and the point made clear; He, Toothless, and the Deathsong (who Stoick, at this stage, had made his second personal bodyguard before Toothless) was supposed to attend a peace treaty with the Murderous Tribe, who would be visiting the following week...

And that would normally be fine with him, in fact, most of the time, Hiccup liked _anything_ to do with peace. But he and the Murderous' heir... Well, they didn't exactly get along that well. To which, not to Hiccup's surprise, his father was _completely_ unaware of. Hiccup didn't blame him, after all, it wasn't really his father's fault- he wasn't the heir who used to bully him like he was a practice target. Quite literally.

Frustrated with the day's events, he had left the gang, including Melody, and his faithful Night Fury Toothless, at the Clubhouse, taking a walk to the cliffs in a vain attempt to get away and clear his head, which clearly didn't work out for him. He really wasn't looking forward to going back to Berk...

Except for, now, it didn't really look like he would be going back to Berk. In fact, in his current position, it didn't look like he was going anywhere.

Because, well, he was stranded in the middle of the ocean.

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

Chapter Two: It Only Gets Worse

A/N:

**Whoo! Ok, it's out there. **

**Where did this come from? Well, it goes like this; I actually was bored, so I just looked through my handy, yet messy 'Story Planning' Concept Book. Found this one. Changed it up a bit, made it a Chapter fic rather than a One-Shot, added another problem, added some injury, the Deathsong from 'Reckless or Selfless?', and BAM, there it is. **

Now, it's not much, but I have an important notice here- I'm going on Holiday, but I won't be long. Spending three nights there, and gods, the car trip is FIVE HOURS LONG. Oh, the agony...

**Our apartment/hotel thing we're staying in (is actually 4.5 stars) has Free Wi-Fi; MY IPAD IS COMING WITH ME, NO QUESTION. And I've decided to take my Laptop, so there is a slim chance I might post something. But don't get your hopes up. However, I will receive your reviews, and your love- if you PM me, I will get it, and very likely respond. **

Well, that's it for now. Toodles! Love you all!

SCULDRINZ R 4 LIFFFFFEE! GOINNG N VACAY! MI GRAMR IZ BD! XD

Crystallion12.

REFERENCES-

**[1]- A Thunder of Dragons is a herd, flock, pack or group of dragons. Possibly the real, official name for it- I got this from _The Inheritance Cycle_ by _Christopher Paolini_. **

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

No shoutouts.

O\-oOo-/O

2. Chapter 2- It Only Gets Worse

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur. Face.

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON.

Chapter Two:

It Only Gets Worse.

Waves churned with his stomach, as water once again submerged his head.

He broke for surface, searching for a cry of agony, but only receiving a small whimper.

Kicking underneath him, he looked to the dark skies, trying to determine how far he had been pushed away from Dragon's Edge.

Hiccup didn't remember how he got here, just that he had been walking by the cliffs, and then the next thing he could find in his mind's archives was waking up to freezing cold water in his face.

If it was even possible, what concerned him the most (after his throbbing head and leg) was the fact he was clinging onto dear life by just a plank of wood... Which, while it could have been from ages ago, was most likely from a Dragon Hunter's ship. But if he remembered correctly, the last attack had been nearly two months ago.

So, that meant two things. One, he was much father away than he had once thought, or two, there had been a attack, which could explain why he was stranded, alone, in the middle of the ocean...

He decided it would be best to wait it out; his friends, taking they hadn't been captured, would come looking for him...

That, or...

He was going to die alone.

Oo-oOo-oO

Hours passed, and the only thing that rescued him was another piece of driftwood, slightly larger than the last, that he clung onto.

Night had now fallen, and typically, there was no moon, nor stars in the sky to help him see.

As if that wasn't bad enough, it had started pouring it down, and the waves were even more vicious than before.

He longed for warmth, he longed for Toothless, Melody, his friends- at this stage, he felt like he would do anything to curl up beside his faithful, warm Night Fury, falling asleep with no cares in the world. To see the familiar face of 'his' Deathsong, as she sung her soft lullaby, flying him away to the world of dreams.

He wanted his friends, so badly. Right now, he would happily listen to the twins' non-stop rambling, or Snotlout's complaining.

Hiccup coughed again, nearly choking on the cold seawater.

Looking up at the dark sky, which could have been the water below for all he knew, he just wished to see his loved ones.

He didn't care who.

Just... Just someone. Just. Some. One.

Oo-oOo-oO

For Hiccup, getting what he wanted in a horrible situation seemed impossible. But by some miracle, it was actually granted for once.

Now, of course, that didn't mean fate was being nice.

It wasn't Toothless. It wasn't Melody. It wasn't Astrid, or Fishlegs; not even his idiotic but well loved cousin, Snotlout, or the twins.

He never, ever asked for a giant Scauldron, who (most likely) wanted to eat him.

Oo-oOo-oO

The Scauldron, in fact, had no interest in eating the strange, scared human in the water. To be honest, he wasn't even hungry. He had no intentions on hurting an injured, wet and cold, helpless, stranded and lost, human boy.

He had never really seen humans in his life, being so isolated from the nests they lived in, apparently called 'villages'.

But the ones he had seen, had been big, stocky and violent.

Nothing like this.

The human was shivering madly, staring up at him with wide, terrified eyes. He had his mouth opened to speak, maybe scream, but found no words, nor noises to make; perhaps he had a dry throat? Despite the thick blockage that rain and water created, he could tell the poor hatchling was hurt and at a dangerous temperature. Also, he looked quite young, not having those huge hair things on his chest and face. So, he'd just stick with the fact that this was a human

hatchling.

He growled questioningly, as the strange human tried to back away; where he did he think he could go? Was he trying to swim somewhere? If he was, the hatchling was doing a awful job of it. Were humans usually this defenceless at sea? The times he had seen the creatures, they stood in long, wooden vessels, they called 'ships', rather than just... Floating, in the middle of the raging ocean.

Perhaps he had lost his boat. After all, he couldn't see one any where.

Other dragons would sometimes come back, saying things about how they saw a human like this being rescued by another boat. Others would say they let them drown. And occasionally, you had the stuck-up, cruel Monstrous Nightmare who brags about them eating the defenceless human. He had never supported such methods, and as he looked down at the human, he ran his mind over his options.

Well, he could leave the human. Maybe hang around until a ship came and his friends saved him. Or, he could kill the poor human, but he would _never_ do that. Not to a helpless hatchling like this one.

The storm was vicious, and he knew very well that humans eventually drowned; there might not be enough time for his fellow humans to come and rescue him...

He could take the human with him. Warm him up. Then, maybe he could take him to a human nest, where they would take him in and everything would be right again. Yes, that could work, and he would feel good- he wouldn't have to carry the burden of this hatchling's death.

Leaping out of the water with a mighty push of his muscles, he shook his head before lowering down to the choppy waves, picking the human hatchling in his claws.

The hatchling squealed, shaking and shivering harder, and clinging onto his leg tightly with his arms. The cold wind was probably biting at his scale-less skin, but unfortunately, he couldn't do much about that. For now, this would have to do.

As they neared his nest on the island, he quickly checked up on the human. He was still shaking, and awake, but was silent. He hummed to himself.

Yes, this would work.

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

Chapter Three: The Aspects of a Human.

A/N:

Whoo! Okay dokey, so there you have it- I'm back from my holiday, so now I'm going on a update spree. XD

**Still trying to figure out a name for our little Scauldron saviour- I was thinking something hilariously adorable. **

Right now, I'm thinking Splash, or Bubbles. Which makes him _oh so terrifying_.

Also, should I make him join Melody on Dragon's Edge? Because I've been getting ideas... And this AU may just become bigger than I ever thought. ;)

REFERENCES-

**No
References.**

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

Dannrose-

Thanks, pal! I know that, I do it a lot, unfortunately; it's my way of getting readers to keep going. It's the same way with 'This Is War'. Just like what I did with Chapter 20's Cliffy... XD â€“ Yeah, I love to do just that, you know, explore their chaotic lives and their near-death experiences... Thanks for the
Review!

midnightsky0612-

It's great to hear that from you! As always, thanks for the review!

As always, thanks to all readers, followers, favourite-ers (I'm pretty sure that's _not_ a word...) and reviewers! I love you all!

O\-oOo-/O

3. Chapter 3- The Aspects of a Human

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur.
Face.

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON.

Chapter Three:

The Aspects of a Human

Hiccup woke up to the sound of a large, loud splash, followed by a huge douse of cold, salty water on his face.

Blinking away droplets of water and rubbing his eyes, he adjusted his sight. He had no idea where he was, as it was pitch dark, although he was on a cold, smooth, slippery surface he could only guess was rock, and he could hear the familiar, now dreadful sound of waves crashing against the stone. Soon, the waves became calmer, lapping at the sides of his platform, rather than angrily raging.

Tentative, he reached out, nearly yelping in pain, and found more rock. Slowly, he shifted his body to the side, repeating the process. Eventually, his fingers clasped over the edge. The very sharp edge.

Yelping in pain as it cut his fingers, he withdrew immediately. He could barely find anything in him to speak, as his lungs felt like they were full of water, so he just didn't talk.

Whimpering, he wished he could just curl up and cry himself to sleep, but who knew what was in here. He still didn't know where that Scauldron was- maybe it had just dropped him in wherever he was, and left him to die. He certainly didn't feel like he had been eaten, or killed... Then again, he didn't know what either felt like, so he took the options into consideration. However, a growl echoed through the dark space, and he froze, trying to make himself as small as possible.

The water shifted, lapped, chopped, and parted, as Hiccup squinted, as the outline belonging to the long neck of a dark figure rose out the chilly water. He remained still, frightened, although trying to be brave.

The figure suddenly moved towards him, and he attempted to move- however, something stopped him, a big, curtain like sheet behind him. He poked at it, finding it slick and wet, smooth, but slightly rough and with an interesting texture. It reminded him of Melody's wings, when she found him as they played hide and seek- one of their favourite things to do. Droplets of water fell on the rock, resonating loudly in the open, empty space.

Softly whimpering at the thought of his dragons, and if this monster had them here too, he froze, as something bumped his leg. It did so again, except for it was followed by a soft growl.

"...H... H... He... Hell... O?" He asked through chattering teeth, his weak, faint voice bouncing off (what he presumed were the) walls of the cave. His response was another growl, and another bump.

A minute later, he squealed, as a paw rested on his thigh (it was partially awkward, especially considering... Yeah, I'm gonna shut up) , another on his chest, effectively pinning him down. The next thing he knew, was a hard, cold, sharp tipped spike, or horn, or something, lifted up his pant leg, probably ripping through the fabric, rubbing against his throbbing ankle, as he shivered and shook. A soft coo

followed, as the large shape moved near his head, the torso of the creature emerging from out the water. Hiccup shivered, realising with slight confusion it was asking what was wrong.

"My... M... My a... Ankle... It's.. Broken..." He whispered, and the creature bobbed its large head in understanding.

He watched as the creature slowly moved back, taking its paws off him, and the sheet moving away. He recognised it as a wing, and suddenly, he had a very likely theory of what creature that was.

It slid back into the water with a soft splash, submerging from sight completely, going to who knows where.

He blinked rapidly, sleep hitting at his barriers to take over...

And it soon did.

Oo-oOo-oO

The Scauldron waited, sighing. It had already been ten minutes, would the hatchling be asleep by now?

He decided to test his hypothesis, cautiously bringing his head out the dark waters.

Yes, he was unconscious.

Perfect.

Almost giddy with excitement, to be up close to a human like this, he jumped out the water, heaving himself onto the slick rock surface.

He curled around the human boy, lightly, and tentatively, laying his tail over the hatchling's stomach, like a blanket. Closing his eyes in concentration, he slowly heated up his cauldron like stomach, which began to transfer heat immediately.

Looking at the roof of the cave (dragons could see better in the dark than humans), the water reflecting off it, he pondered about how humans worked. He knew they needed warmth when cold. Well, he had done that... But didn't they start fires, holding up their paws to get the best warmth?

He didn't have fire within him...

And come to think of it, neither did humans.

In fact, he had no idea what humans were even capable of; he knew they couldn't fly, because, well, that was dead obvious. And he'd never seen a human breathe fire, or any other dragon-like attack, so they didn't have the elements in their bodies, either, apparently. They didn't even have scales to protect their delicate, pale skin. They weren't dragons, and he supposed they weren't animals, either...

They were their own category, then. If that was the case... Well, they didn't exactly have many species, which he didn't know how to

portray in his mindset.

What stood out the most, thought, was their natural defencelessness. He couldn't deny the facts; without their boats, and weapons they make, they would be screwed. The bottom of the food chain, like bugs to a Bewilderbeast.

So he felt pity. Pity for this human. The poor thing was also only a hatchling- a hatchling. A child! Oh, he would have some roars for his parents...

He really didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to take care of a hatchling, he wasn't a father, and probably never would be. He looked down at the boy, rumbling a sigh in the back of his long, narrow throat within his scaly neck...

...The best he could right now was warming the boy up with his heating ability, he just couldn't breathe flames, like most species could. It hadn't ever really bothered him in past, to be honest- that was, until now.

Also, you needed wood to light the fire on, didn't you? Yes... Well, that wasn't too hard. Knock a tree down, rip some chunks out, smash some branches off. Easy as flying.

Maybe he could get another dragon to help him; perhaps a gentle Gronckle, or a kind Deadly Nadder... He was still deciding when to tell his nest mates of the human hatchling, but he wanted to wait until the boy could at least stand up and run, should a (very foolish) dragon attempt to eat him... Kill him... The Scauldron shuddered at the thought.

Dragons should eat fish, and just fish. Fish. Only.

Just. Fish.

_F. I. S. H_.

Oo-oOo-oO

Hiccup woke to the sound of waves slapping gently against the rock, and he inwardly moaned; he was still in... Wherever he was.

Blinking, his vision bleary and tired, he looked around. He immediately sighed, seeing yet again, only darkness. He could see the hint of reflection, from the water, on the roof (he thought that was the ceiling, at least), but he couldn't be certain, as pain reeked his body, stabbing and jeering at his silent pleas...

His pleas for help, and desire for it all to just _end_.

He was beginning to wonder what was real at this stage, to be honest and completely negative... Hiccup didn't have a answer for the positive side.

His ankle burned, his stomach was churning, and his head felt like it was about to explode.

Not very good variables, especially considering the fact that when he

reached up with his hand, he felt a sticky, wet something staining his head and hair... Which probably meant it was blood... From a head wound...

..Which of course, now, was absolutely _perfect_.

Just what he needed.

He groaned, suddenly remembering the creature. The young man sat up, but only half-way, courtesy of his now screaming ribs and side. He looked around the best he could, but didn't see anything. Then again, it was pitch dark in 'wherever he was' so, he had no real evidenc-

Bump.

Turning around, he heard a soft coo, as something huge and scaly bumped his nose with what he presumed was its nose, and he nearly face-palmed...

â€¦...Never mind.

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

Chapter Four: A Deathsong's Fear.

A/N:

â€¦**...I'm guilty.**

I know, this took forever, I know... But my friend came round, and you know... Stewing and buttering, over here. Planning new fanfics, daydreaming about fanfictions (that takes up about half of my everyday life, no joke, it really does), writing fanfiction chapters... Hoping to get those chappies done... Yeah.

Sorry for the long wait, and boy, am I guilty for it, especially considering how many reviews I got! Seriously, five reviews, and only two chapters? Guys, that's amazing! Thank you so much! I hope updates on this will be a bit more frequent now, because I've finally decided how all this is going down, and I think I just got my fanfiction boost, so phase two of my grand update spree is about to begin- Yippee!

**NOTE (this may become a Poll): Should I make the Scauldron join Melody on Dragon's Edge? Because I've been getting ideas... And this AU may just become bigger than I ever thought.
;)**

REFERENCES-

No references.

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

**midnightsky0612- **

Ah yes, the heroic dragon came to save the trouble magnet known as Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third- that's one part of the Scauldron's personality I really want to shine; his compassion, his generosity and mercy; he's like Hiccup. A bit naive at times, but he's steadfast loyal to the core, and a real softie with a huge heart. Thanks for the review, and continuous support, it means a lot, honest!

**ilovedogs100- **

Haha, yeah, I was actually considering that, by in the end, I decided against it. Make a new Scauldron, because that way, we can have more drama, and Hiccup can tame a new dragon; all that good stuff. Although, let's be honest here, every time we see a Scauldron, anywhere, we immediately look REALLY hard to see if it's Scauldy, fingers crossed. XD Thanks a ton for the review! I love dogs _too_! I've got _two_ of them! XD (Sorry, couldn't help myself there)

**LightningAndDeathItself218- **

HAHAHAHAHA! Oh wow, that had me in a fit... Ok, ok... We'll call him Bubbles. And how about you look at the next chapter name? Because I believe that'll give you a good grasp of it. If you want more Hiccup/Melody, you'll get your dose of cuteness and fluffiness- quite possibly in this fic, in the last chapters, probably... No promises. BUT. I CAN promise a One-Shot. 'Hush Now, Quiet Now' is probably going up quite soon, because I'm not even writing it on paper- straight to the computer, I'm MEGA inspired right now. :D Thx for the review, buddy!

As always, thanks to all readers, followers, favourite-ers (I'm pretty sure that's _not_ a word...) and reviewers! I love you all!

O\-oOo-/O

4. Chapter 4- A Deathsong's Fear

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

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**Chapter Four: **

A Deathsong's Fear

Meanwhile, the previous day...

A Deathsong sped like a tornado towards Dragon's Edge, her whole body on fire, begging for her to stop. She pushed past the feeling, the emptiness of her hurting lungs, her aching muscles, her numbing wings.

Melody Deathsong was scared, and she wasn't going to deny it.

Not one _bit_.

She didn't really want the other riders and dragons to know, but they had to; oh, no, she _really_ didn't want to. Melody could only imagine at this stage, the disappointment, the anger, the betrayal, oh, the sheer _terror_ on Toothless' face when he found out _she_ was responsible for Hiccup's disappearance. Hiccup's father, Stoick, had entrusted her with his son's safety, seeing her as the heir's guardian. The second layer of defence after Toothless. His save haven.

His dragon.

But what dragon lost their trainer? Her master, disappeared, just like that?

Maybe she could hide it, at least, until she determined Hiccup was safe, back on Dragon's Edge, where he belonged. Safe and sound, cosy and peacefully sleeping in front of a warm fire.

That was another concern she had. There was a thick, heavy, almost disturbingly strong scent of oncoming rain in the air, and the evening sky was darkened early by huge, black clouds. It was truly gloomy. And it might end up soaking Hiccup through. _Not_ good.

Even worse, that meant the downpour of rain would be better described as a massacre.

Judging by the direction, and the scent's strength, it would be a general area it would rain on, around this ocean. It would only be a light shower for Dragon's Edge, like it normally was.

For some reason, this area got tons of heavy rain, and vicious storms, although this one was just rain, thank the gods. She feared for Hiccup- she knew that when humans (even dragons, but it was much harder to get and _really_ rare) stayed out in rain for two long, especially when it was cold, they could catch, well, a _cold_. Another one to do with 'cold' and 'rain' was pneumonia, but she wasn't really _sure_ about what one of those was...

She guessed it wasn't good, though, and possibly a dragon...

Huh.

Pneumonia.

Odd name, especially for a dragon...

And she had thought 'Gronckle' was weird...

It had all started about a day ago, when she had flown out to go see some sights.

After assuring Hiccup she wouldn't be gone for long, (he was so smart, figuring out what she was saying through mere body motions and simple sounds) she had flown off, spending most of the day going around the Archipelago.

She returned after about nine hours, she believed, and Hiccup didn't raise any questions to the matter.

Not long after that, though, chaos had erupted.

She had seen some Night Terrors playing with a Gronckle and a Deadly Nadder, (who could have been Stormfly, as the Nadder was blue) chasing each other, or, more specifically, whoever had the big stone in their claws.

Melody hadn't intended to scare anyone; she was just wanting to play...

[Flashback]

_The dragoness stared longingly at the sky, as the Night Terrors squawked, the stone being stolen off the smaller dragon. _

_She roared happily, watching as the Nadder grabbed it while it flew through the air, after slipping out the white (she believed he was the Alpha, called Smidvarg, for reasons she had no idea about, and didn't really want to know) Night Terror's claws. _

_'Alright, that's enough.' She said under her breath. Spreading her wings, she sprang into the air, rocketing towards them with a happy roar. _

_The dragons, unsuspecting, shrieked, and bolted away faster than Toothless in a race. _

'Wait!' She cried, heartbroken and some what confused. 'I just want to play, that's all! No, don't... Please...' Her heart aching, and liquid forming in the corner of her eyes- tears, as humans called them- threatened to fall down her scaly snout and cheeks. 'Wait...' She choked... '...Please...'

However, she now looked on in horror, as she watched the other Night Terrors seemed to get the memo by their leader's panic. One's head shot up from where he was snoozing on a branch, screeching in the loudest voice from a dragon she'd ever heard... 'SCATTTEERRRRRR!'

_And THOR, DID THEY SCATTER. _

_IN. _

_EVERY. _

_SINGLE. _

_DIRECTION. _

(She swore, if it wasn't so awfully BAD, she'd find it beautiful.)

_As if it wasn't bad enough she'd scared four dragons away, she had just scared away about FIVE HUNDRED DRAGONS... Never mind- oh, Thor... Oh, there went some more... Scratch that, make it 600. Err... 650, more Night Terrors around the island had just fled up the mountains and towards the ocean. _

This was NOT good.

_And Melody really, REALLY was NOT looking forward to hearing all the riders' reactions... _

Judging by the angry yells and shocking level of cursing from Snotlout's hut, and the other annoyed groans and agitated dragon roars all over the Outpost, she really didn't want to find out...

So she flew to a cave, tears flying behind her as she sped towards it.

...Why couldn't she just be like a normal dragon?

[Flashback ends]

"Melody?" Astrid's confused, and somewhat worried and surprised voice snapped her out of her trance, just as she collided, face-first, against the Clubhouse wall.

Blinking and shaking her head, she felt Hookfang slip under her, lifting the dragoness to her feet.

The other riders had already gathered, and for a split second she wondered what was going on. Remembering, it dawned on her that while thinking as hard as she had been, the Deathsong hadn't noticed her fast approach to the Edge. She hadn't even seen the massive _building_ she collided with, very painfully, too.

Fishlegs stepped forward, equally confused. "Melody? What's going on here?" The dragoness lowered her head, suddenly glad the riders couldn't understand dragon...

But Toothless sure did.

'Where is my rider.' He growled blandly, stepping forward, pushing past a shocked Astrid carelessly, eyes narrowed onto her. He didn't even look at the other dragons when they asked him if he was alright. Melody knew better; and so did the Night Fury.

Toothless must have seen her taking Hiccup to that island.

Whether or not he realised it was because she had seen something interesting there, and a vain attempt to apologise for the whole 'Night Terror incident', she did not know.

But what she did know, was that he wasn't happy. His rider wasn't on the back of the dragon he thought he had trusted, on which Hiccup had taken off on. Her head was lowering when Hiccup should have been getting off, walking over to a happy Toothless to tell him all about the gorgeous island she had taken him too, where they would make a little hideout in the forest, just for them, and Melody.

Going to a secluded, mysterious island to find the perfect hideout spot? Coming home to a excited bouncy Night Fury, complete with a gummy, trademark toothless smile and flying tongue?

No, that wasn't what had happened.

She hadn't protected him when he wandered off, like she was supposed to.

And _it_ was all _her fault_...

All HER fault...

'Melody dear, can you... Explain what's going on here?' Stormfly asked, and Toothless met the Deathsong's gaze.

'Hiccup is missing.' Melody growled softly.

She was met with a furious roar from Toothless, and the others immediately jumped back. Only a moment later, he fired a large Plasma Blast into the air, and Melody cowered, watching as it set off waves of force in every direction.

Turning back around, she wound up regretting her decision.

Screeching, hot blood flew onto her snout, as three long scratches on the bridge of her muzzle burned in agony. Whimpering, she looked at the menacing Night Fury, panting with smoke rising from the corners of his mouth. Eyes narrow in the thinnest of slits, his sharp teeth bared, Melody had never been so scared or intimidated by a dragon... Until now.

'THIS IS YOUR FAULT!' Toothless shrieked, stood on his hind legs and massive wings flared so he practically towered over the shrunken Deathsong. He snapped down at her, blood dripping off his talons. A minute later, a roar sounded behind them.

'TOOTHLESS!' Hookfang stormed forward, swatting the Night Fury aside and standing by her side. 'Are you crazy? Did you just see what you did?!'

Still hissing, Toothless stopped. Shaking his head viciously, his pupils widened to an excessive width, before he slumped. Staring, his jaw slowly lowered to hang open.

Blood.

Fear.

Anger...

Even with reason...

How had it all driven him to hurt Melody...?

The dragoness was cowering in sheer terror, whimpering as her snout bled. The gang, finally recovered from the initial shock of what just transpired, between two seemingly best friends, rushed forward.

Backing as far away from Toothless as possible, they shouted orders back and forth, as a certain Night Fury questioned everything, within his heart, and his mind...

O\-oOo-/O

He simply stared, horrified at his actions, as things came and went; Fishlegs healed and bandaged Melody's sickening wounds, _he_ had inflicted with _his_ very own _claws_, she had flown off to Snotlout and Hookfang's hut to sleep, and the gang had gone to the clubhouse to discuss Hiccup and other matters...

Astrid warily gave him his dinner, and he slept outside. She hadn't complained, in fact, she seemed almost relieved, in a sense. Toothless doubted she wanted anyone around him right now; he had just crossed the line. And he knew it.

Toothless didn't eat his dinner. He pushed it aside, eventually getting so sick to the stomach, he swept it off the platform edge with his tail. He stayed in the cold, freezing rain all night. The Night Fury didn't take Stormfly's advice when she came out, nervously telling him he could sleep with her in the stables. While Toothless was grateful he still had one friend in Stormfly, he denied It all, even her iffer to stay with him, or call a Night Terror to keep him company.

The Deadly Nadder had then walked off to her own hut with Astrid, leaving him alone, just as he wanted it at the moment.

How could he have done that?

Inflicted harm and terror, blood and pain, to the one he loved? The one he swore to protect? She never said she had eaten and burned Hiccup alive, had she?

He hated this. He hated it. He hated his dark side.

Years ago, before he met Hiccup, it wasn't a problem. He never even _hated_ anyone, other than the Queen.

After they defeated her... Well, Alvin was the first one he ever despised, but that wasn't so bad; heck, Dagur, he would happily kill, although that lunatic was more annoying than anything. The Dragon Hunters, well, he hated with all his fire power, but he doubted he'd pull a massacre on them out of the blue. He wouldn't roar and lose his mind from a simple phrase Ryker said.

So...

What had just... _Happened_?

It had been only just recently... But every time something came up,

he _lost_ it. He couldn't _control_ his rage and anger. And that's what _terrified_ him so much.

He had figured his dark side had emerged when Hiccup had been captured by the Hunters, not so long ago... Even if it had only been for a day, they had caused him so much pain. And when he found out... Well, he gave the riders and their dragons quite the workout, holding him back.

Toothless knew Hiccup knew this, but he had never taken it that seriously; it was a thought that seemed to dark for his liking... But...

...The world was cruel.

And if you want to protect your loved ones, you have to be ready to fight. To wound. To _kill_.

To KILL.

It was such a horrible word to Toothless. Especially considering he was a Night Fury; as the saying went, power corrupts, and he was terrified that was where he was descending towards. He was going insane, going mad, going... He didn't want to think about that, he didn't want to at all. But he couldn't stop, he simply could not, and would not, forget it...

â€¦.He was trying...

To protect his Hiccup...

...From all their enemies.

â€¦.But what if he was, slowly but surely, becoming the enemy...?

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

Chapter Five: The Sisters of the Throne

A/N:

O_O...

**I did NOT plan a lot of that. **

The original idea was to have Toothless roar at Melody and storm off... Not go downright crazy. After this, I'm thinking of raising the rating... But I think this will be the only dose of this we'll get. Everything after this may be dark, just not graphic for the T rating. I want this one to be nice and safe.

**But what's going on Toothless' head is dark, I can't deny it. He's almost becoming _suicidal_... Ok, I think most of you just realised a plot point in the future... Remember that, guys, REMEMBER it. Here's some fangirl author maths, actually... **

Guilty Toothless PLUS Secret Actions EQUAL Hictooth Hurt/Comfort fluff galore and a really, REALLY angst-y and hurt-y & comfort-y story... That made NO sense, did it? (Hint: This is ironically hinting at a new RoS AU story in Crystal's confusing riddles.)

PS- Sorry for lack of updates- life is tough... If you read 'This Is War' then my latest chapter will explain it all for you.

NOTE: I've made the decision! You guys will know my decision later on, when it's revealed in-story. :p

REFERENCES-

No References.

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

**Fragments of Imagination- **

I'm not doing the Poll any more... Because I've made my decision, and well... No Spoilers! Thanks so much for the response, and the review! It means so much to me, even if it's just words.
:'D

ShadowSpirit020-

Uh huh. Simply perfect! Don't you agree? Thanks for the review, and you already have your questions answered. ;)

_To **THEFIREKING,** if you are reading this, do read the note below before you are heart broken, or you rage at me. I have my reasons, and will be more than happy to respond if you follow the terms.
;)_

As always, thanks to all readers, followers, favourite-ers (I'm pretty sure that's _not_ a word...) and reviewers! I love you all!

**(RATHER) IMPORTANT NOTE: Hey, just wanted to let you all know, since there are a LOT of Authors who post as a Guest (for reasons such as PM system issues, being somewhere else, using Mobile version, etc) as long as you use your full User name (I don't care where you put it in the review, just make sure it's there), and I can reach your account by searching it up, I will respond to you. Thanks to BeyondTheClouds777 for making me come to realise this!
**

O\-oOo-/O

5. Chapter 5- The Sisters of the Throne

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur.
Face.

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON.

Chapter Five: The Sisters of the Throne

The Scauldron looked down upon the sleeping hatchling, who he feared for in genuine concern- he was very... Well... Quiet. His snores weren't nearly as loud as they should be. But then again, he wasn't like the other humans, so, maybe this was normal.

He sighed, giving the boy's face a light lick before he slowly stood, and carefully slid back into the water.

Swimming out the dark cave, he emerged outside, and squinted at the dark sky; the sun would be up relatively soon.

He needed to move quickly.

Rising the rest of his massive aquamarine body out the water, he spread his wings, water falling off heavily and creating mini waterfalls.

He took into the sky, shaking water droplets off his head as he climbed higher and higher in the crisp night air. The moon shone brightly, leading his path; he glided over the relatively small island, at least in this archipelago, and flew between the mountain peaks- he didn't fear anything out in the wilderness, for he was the one to be feared among lowly animals. Only other dragons could intimidate the likes of him.

Circling around one mountain, he lowered his neck, looking around... It was _somewhere_ around here... He just _knew _it...

He suddenly heard a loud, sharp noise, and he looked up. It was the shriek of a dragon; there was no mistaking it. Growling, he followed the noise, ready to defend the distressed dragon, no matter the situation it had found itself in.

But when he reached the location, he was stumped. There was no dragon. No blood, guts, no fight... So what had he heard...?

He didn't get much time to dwell on it, because a more happier and familiar roar entered his hearing. Turning around, he cooed in relief; it was his old friend, a lemon and blonde female Monstrous Nightmare. He roared in greeting, immediately forgetting the past cry of distress; no one to save and defeat, no reason to think about it any longer.

'Aria! It's so good to see you!' He said, as soon as she was within earshot. She didn't immediately respond, and he wondered why her face looked funny from a distance.

She growled lightly. 'You too, Blueclaw.' She hissed slightly, and he backed up slightly.

'Something wrong?'

Even as far away as he was, the Scauldron could tell that she was cautious and angry. 'You smell of HUMAN.' She snapped. He blinked. What did she have against humans? He thought she didn't mind them!

As soon as they were a few feet apart, he decided to forget the fact she had her face hidden from sight, and bring up the matter. 'What? I thoug-'

'Did you kill the monster?'

'WHAT? Aria, what are you talkin-' He tried to get closer, but she only withdraw and moved backwards. It was pointless.

She snarled. It was partially awkward, her hiding her face. 'You don't want to know. Just... You know what? Forget it. You do what you want, just stay away from the nest. And, more importantly, ME. Never come back, you sxrix.'

Blueclaw roared in anger, but his heart screamed in agony, tearing in every place imaginable; his mind was swirling with a million emotions, hurt and confusion being primary. He tried to respond with equal ferocity, make a snappy defensive comeback, but nothing of the sort would come out his mouth.

So he went with the gentler approach. 'Why?' He asked. 'What happened?'

'Like I said,' She growled threateningly. 'You don't want to know, if you've been living with a _human_.'

'But I do want to know.' He pressed on. 'I want to know why and what's going on.'

She snarled. 'Who do you even think you are?! Some hero coming home?' Flames flickered all over her back and neck. 'Because you're not! First of all, you get accused of a possible MURDER, then, you ABANDON me, then, to wrap it all up, you _DISAPPEAR_! _For EIGHT years_! Do you even realise how _long _that is?' He flinched at the words, as they hit him hard. 'No? Did your head get thicker? It sounds quite likely- actually, no, it has. You've been around humans, and that can only mean you are now a feather-brained idiot.'

She continued to ramble on. 'So, where's your new mate, huh? Did you ditch her too, or are you just waiting so you can rub it in my face?'

'...Your face.'

Her heart dropped to the pit of her stomach, although she wasn't about to show any emotions to _him_.

'Oh, well, do I have some words for you, you little f-'

'No.' He interrupted. 'As in, your face.' She blinked, wincing.

The Scauldron pushed forward, persistent. 'Why hide it?' He questioned. 'You're the most beautiful dragon in the world!'

'...I _used _to be.'

He cooed in confusion. Her voice softened.

'When... When you ran away, Blueclaw, you left me. You left me heartbroken and _alone_. ALONE. And then guess what happened?'

All was silent on Blueclaw's end. He didn't know that she had missed him! '...What? What happened...?'

'_THIS _happened.' She turned her face around, receiving a shocked and mortified yelp in response.

The entire left side of her face was scarred, her left eye closed uncomfortably shut by four long scars. Her snout was beaten and scale-less, a peachy colour. Where she normally had a second smaller horn underneath the first, it was a short, crooked end.

Her other eye, still bright and a pale yellow, so light coloured that it often appeared white, appeared to have a tough time blinking, every now and then during the reigning silence that had enveloped the two dragons.

'Not so beautiful any more, am I?' She hissed. 'Now I'm the laughing stock of the nest, and the prime victim for bullies- AKA, the Queen's cold-blooded daughter.' Her one eye narrowed in anger. Blue-claw, slightly frightened, moved back, although he instantly regretted it; the action caused realisation, false thoughts, and sadness to flood into her heart. 'I know. I'm a monster... Doesn't need to be said...'

'What?!' The Scauldron nuzzled the side of her scarred jaw, trying to ignore the sickening texture.

'That's not what I meant at all! It's just... Strange, I guess. But not ugly! Not at all!' He desperately tried to clean up his mistake.

'Please... Just... Let me try and make it back up to you... I know what I did hurt you, and I regret that, I see that now... But _please_... Give me a second chance.' His words caused the dragoness to look up, but her features, while mangled, were still upset.

'Ok...' She whispered softly. 'But that doesn't mean I forgive you.' He nodded; that was good enough for him.

'So... Aria... The nest... Where is it again?' At first, she didn't seem to even recognise the question being directed at her. 'Um, Aria?'

'Who's Aria?' She finally asked. He blinked.

'Um... You. Your name is Aria Blossom. Did you, like, forget...?'

She nearly whacked him in the head. But she didn't, because, well, he didn't know. She began flying in the direction of the nest, and he followed quickly, proving he had only gotten faster over the years.

'It's not that.' She dead-panned, and Blueclaw felt the confusion easily double. 'Not- well... it was...? It was my name. Not any more...'

He flapped awkwardly In the sky. 'Can you just... Explain... Please...?'

'My name is Lostface.'

His jaw dropped, his eyes wide and horrified. 'THEY CALLED YOU LOSTFACE?!'

She looked down sadly. 'Yeah...' Her voice was in a depressed whisper. 'After the incident... They called me that. I've been going by that very name ever since. Although on occasion they call me 'Half-face', because apparently that's even nicer.' Her voice dripped with sarcasm on the last line. Meanwhile, on her friend's side...

Blueclaw nearly roared in anger; how dare they? 'WHO. IS. RESPONSIBLE.' He fumed.

'The Princess started calling me it not long after it all happened. Eventually everyone caught on, saying it was 'fitting and very descriptive' and 'honourable'... But I don't know... It's never felt right...'

He growled, a million curse words running through his mind, but he managed to keep them contained.

Blueclaw knew one thing; next time he saw that demon lizard, things were going to get ugly.

O\-oOo-/O

They were silent for most of the flight.

Blueclaw discussed how he travelled around archipelagos, stayed on islands, met new friends, and Lostface (for some reason, she refused him calling her Aria, much to his dismay) soon was quite aware that his knowledge on the world was massive.

He didn't bring up the touchy subject of her scars. He didn't say anything about their argument. He refused to speak of the past.

He wondered how things would have been if he _hadn't_ left. Would she still have... Half a face?

Now, Blueclaw wouldn't lie when he said it was hard to look at. Everything about the scars just screamed pain, bullying, and the tragedies his stupid actions had led to.

He didn't think it was that ugly, or un-flattering, just disturbing and tad bit unsettling.

Aside from that, everything about her was still down right beautiful; her lean figure, her shimmery, pearl ascent lemon scales still glowed and shone in the moonlight, and her blonde, pale underside still unblemished. Her wings, while they now had a few little tears, were still elegant, powerful and gorgeous. Her spines and markings underneath the wings were a banana shade (he had seen and eaten a LOT of those two years ago) of yellow, the lightest colour on her body, which actually made her a bit strange, but that was alright.

Entranced in her beauty, he didn't even realise her staring at him. 'Um, hello? Earth to Blueclaw!' He shook his head, his snout heating up in embarrassment.

She merely laughed in that lovely way she always did, and he honestly wondered why he ever left the angel. The dragoness appeared to have kept her soft kindness over the years, and her kind spirit- so why had she become... They way she was? What had she ever done to deserve the place in dragon society, that she had over the years?

He sighed, and looked up in curiosity, as he picked up a change of temperature in the air. He squinted, a ray of orange light hitting his snout as they flew around a mountain's peak.

Memories rushed into him, and a indescribable joy flowed into his mind and heart, as his old nest appeared before his eyes, just the way he remembered the place. The mountain held a faint glow, and he could just tell that the Queen was awake; he could even feel her presence in her mind as they approached. She had clearly withheld her strength and power over the years, never relenting to the many challengers she most likely received.

As they approached the entrance, he wondered what he would say... It had been eight years, and he hadn't really left on a good note...

Eh...

He'd figure it out when he got there.

O\-oOo-/O

Lostface looked at Blueclaw, his face one that betrayed his actual emotions. She knew that he wasn't calm and collected like he appeared, but she didn't sat anything. This was hard enough on its own- he didn't need her to mess things up even further. He was unstable. Unpredictable.

On the other claw, Blueclaw was just that.

This was _so _messed up, and he wouldn't, and couldn't, deny it.

The reason he had even left the nest in the first place, was because he was thought to be responsible for the disappearance, and death of a new born Deadly Nadder- the hatchling's parents had been killed not so long before it.

Since he had been on guard that night, he was suspected guilty, and rumours began to spread like wildfire; if he remembered correctly, one depicted him as a psychopath murderer, another having him with a long grudge against the blood line of the Nadders.

And not one of them were true.

He had nothing against Deadly Nadders, hatchlings, all of it.

He didn't remember what had happened that fateful night, and only knew he wasn't responsible, so many would find it understandable that he couldn't defend himself. He couldn't say he was innocent, because to be honest, he couldn't be certain.

They flew through a thin, tall vertical crevice at the base of the mountain, flying through the rock walls that made up the rather narrow tunnel.

The feelings that rushed through him, as he broke out into the large space that made up the gathering area, had him completely silent for a second. However, once he regained control over his own mind, he looked around, and immediately growled low in his throat. He felt a dangerous presence in here, although he couldn't quite pin it down, so he didn't say his mind- to be frank, though, he didn't want to say _anything._

Unlike most nests, his old home was huge, and consisted of more than the volcanic corona that made up the main section. Underneath the mountain, a complex system of caverns and caves was used for sleeping, and he knew that the Queen usually slept and spent most her time in her pool of water down at the bottom.

She was another factor he was scared to see; being the species she was, who knew what could happen... He just hoped she had kept the side of her that made her the great Queen he remembered, not like most other Deaths in the world.

Looking around, he saw many dragons. A lot of faces stood out in particular, and those were the ones he recognised.

Blueclaw could see his old guard buddies, Thorntail, the energetic and comedic orange and dark blue Deadly Nadder he had known from hatching, as well as Toxicscale, the quiet and sincere, green Grapple Grounder. Growing up, the three had been the best of nest-mates, despite being completely different... But now, they just looked cold. They met his longing, pleading for forgiveness gaze, but they simply laid their heads on their paws and looked uninterested. That stung hard, but he ignored it for now; he had a good reason to be here, rather than getting guilty and depressed.

In a high crevice, there was the Monstrous Nightmare herd that would often came and stayed at the nest, although he was pretty sure Lostface had said something about how they were now permanent members of the nest- why, he had no idea.

There were the Nadders scattered to and fro, the occasional Scauldron and Gronckle, your odd Eggbiter, Stormcutter and Windgnasher; gods, he even saw a bunch of Fireworms!

If he remembered it right, he believed the nest had always been like this. Very open and welcoming, with a powerful but kind Queen, and a theme that allowed species of all kinds into the cosy home. Blueclaw nearly smiled, glad that trait had stuck over the years. It was good to see more kindness and unity these days.

Most of the dragons were glaring, yet some looked confused, but those were mostly from dragons he didn't recognise or remember. Some looked sympathetic, even kind or forgiving- he even saw a few faces that looked happy.

Lostface sudden;y nudged him, and he cooed in question. She pointed with one claw.

'Down there.' She glided down towards a the large rocky clearing, before the open space where the Queen would stand, and consult them.

Blueclaw landed with a heavy sigh, Lostface not far after. Both were silent, although the masses behind them didn't appear so patient. Many were restless, and more than one whisper was going through the groups. They both knew what they were talking about, and they didn't interfere- the Scauldron wasn't here to defend his stupid 'honour' and 'dragon-ness' like most did.

'Ah, Blueclaw, Lostface.' A familiar and loud voice echoed off the walls, and immediately, everyone went silent.

The Queen appeared, the huge Blue Death [**OCDS-1**] that she was. As a show of respect, the dragons bowed and made the respectful hissing sound. She merely hummed in response, waiting until they stopped a few seconds later. She turned her massive head to the Monstrous Nightmare and Scauldron.

'It has been quite a long time, Scauldron. Eight years, to be precise. During this time, I do not know what you have done, but I do not see any malicious intent within you.' Her four eyes glowed faintly with curiosity.

'But,' she growled lightly. 'What peaks my interest, is that I smell the scent of a injured human on you... Is that the reason you are here?'

He nodded, a lot more relaxed now; she had clearly out the past where it belonged.

'Yes,' he said. 'I found a human hatchling stranded at sea, so... Well, I just took him into my cave- My home, where I used to live- and I helped him.'

She lacked any negative emotions on her face, but then again, she didn't nesaccarily look happy, either. She was silent for a moment. 'I am not that familiar with humans, and have only had a minor run-in with them myself, but that was years and years ago, so long that I barely remember why I even saw them.' She paused. 'But, I do remember how they acted; vicious and cruel, and according to some members within the nest, they are no better now.'

'I would recommend you do what you find just- help the hatchling if you think it is worth the dangers and effort- but should he be no

good...' Her eyes slightly narrowed. 'I will not complain on the matter.'

Blueclaw nodded. 'Your... Highness.' The words felt strange on his tongue, and he took a fair amount of time getting them out.

'Yes?'

He took a deep breath. 'If I may, can you tell me what happened to Los-'

'OH, WILL YOU SHUT UP?!' A furious voice interrupted them cold, and soon after, the Queen groaned, her wings flaring in annoyance.

Out a large crevice in the side wall, heavy footsteps bounced off the walls, and a huge, fuming Red Death stormed in, eyes narrowed. She saw the two dragons before the Queen, and she snarled in fury. She noticed Blueclaw, and her reaction was immediate. 'You've got to be kidding-' She then noticed Lostface, and the hate grew ever stronger. '-Never mind, change all that to 'we've got a murderer cauldron-stomached, fat sea snake, and a semi-blind and half-faced overgrown lizard in one room, with our supposed great and powerful Queen'. I'm oh so sorry to say this, but you've officially lost it, mother.'

'Go back to your room.' The Blue Death hissed. 'You are only causing trouble.'

The Red Death opened her mouth to speak, nostrils flared and teeth bared furiously, but her much larger mother cut her off cold.

'AND I'M NOT GIVING YOU A_ CHOICE_, RUBY.'

Furious and beyond any emotion of anger, the Princess stomped off, leaving silence and fear in her wake. Blueclaw was especially scared, considering the fact, that, when he had left, she had been a _lot _smaller.

There were two Princesses in the nest, that he could remember; Ruby, the Red Death, and then there was Vercorcia, the rare Purple Death- no one really knew who their father was, although many speculated it was a Red Death; perhaps King Blazestone, the ruler of the South Nest in the Barbaric Archipelago...

Honestly, Blueclaw didn't care whose blood line she came from; he just wanted that beast _dead_.

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

**Chapter Six: BUBBLES! **

A/N:

**Don't really have much to say here, but I will put out these two notices I find pretty important. **

**POLL: **

There is a new Poll on my page- if you haven't already, please check it out. It'd mean a lot to me. :D

'THIS IS WAR' Part One Finale, Hiatus:

**For those who read my leading fanfiction, 'This Is War' Chapter 26 is up, and it is the finale of the first part of the story, 'A New Beginning'. **

**To allow other stories, such as this one, to stand out and shine a bit more, I have decided to take a break from TIW, just for two, or three weeks or so, before Part Two, 'Over The Years', AKA Chapter 26, goes up- before the Hiatus starts, a Epilogue containing bits and pieces from some chapters of Part Two will go up. Thank you for your time. **

'SHOUTOUT' TO GUEST QUESTION-

**Now, I know I don't usually say things like this, or respond to guests in this manner, but I simply had to give some type of answer to a Guest that reviewed last chapter. **

**He/she was confused by the fact, that when it was mentioned that Hiccup 'had been captured and tortured for a day by Dragon Hunters', we hadn't received any stories on that. And that Guest was correct; it is only a bunch of words that don't summarise another story. **

**Now, I stated this in the story itself. **

And to answer his/her question about if its a upcoming prequel, will say this:

The AU is getting bigger and bigger, so it's not out the question. But I have not given it much thought, as of now.

DRAGONITES UNITE!

-Crystallion12.

REFERENCES-

No references.

OC DRAGON SPECIES (OCDS)-

**Blue Death- One of the variants of the Death line, the Blue Death is considered the second most dangerous out of the five. Unlike its fellow Deaths, the Blue one is more sea-orientated, calmer, intelligent and gentle, and takes care of those in her or his nest, rather than treat them like prisoners. **

**Most Blue Deaths are, as said before, that kinder nature, approximately 8 of 11, and they are often female. They are also believed to be a relative of the 'Seadragonus Giganticus Maximus' which Is the most famous of sea dragons. Its body is longer and more agile, and it does not have the mind controlling ability like the Red, Black, and Purple. Their scales are any shade of blue, usually with a tint of seaweed green or purple on the back. They are the only

Death to have only four eyes- Green and Red have six, Purple is believed to have 7, and Black is unknown, but believed to be ten.**

PLEASE NOTE: At the time this was released, these dragons did not exist- and I'm not really sure if this guy would count, but... Meh. Deal with it.

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

**midnightsky0612- **

Don't bet on it. BUT, I will reveal no spoilers. Thanks for the review! ;)

As always, thanks to all readers, followers, favourite-ers (I'm pretty sure that's _not_ a word...) and reviewers! I love you all!

O\-oOo-/O

6. Chapter 6- BUBBLES!

A Friend In Fire & Sea

A HttyD Fanfiction

O\-oOo-/O

Genre: Friendship/Hurt/Comfort

Rating: K+

Hiccup's day has been going horribly. And for good reason, too- being lost in the middle of no where, with only a Scauldron for protection... Against, about, a dozen Dragon Hunter ships. Now, why would that be a problem? Oh, and the island they're on is inhabited by Hiccup's absolute FAVOURITE dragon. Another. Dinosaur. Face.

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON.

Chapter Six: BUBBLES!

Hiccup groaned, consciousness overtaking him. He was cold, _very _cold, and he felt numbing pain in his ankle.

Blinking rapidly, he slowly pushed himself onto his arms, rolling over onto his back.

Pain shot through him, but he set that aside for now. He looked to the side. Light peeked through a crevice to the side, and he sagged In relief; it was finally morning.

The platform he was on was indeed rock, the same smooth, slippery substance that made up the walls of the sea cavern. He could tell most of the cave was only shallow water, except for the section

beneath his ledge. The space, surprisingly, was rather large, and the only thing that mixed things up was the large stalagmite in the centre.

Shivering, he laid his head back down; whatever was going on, he was safe right now. His ankle was definitely broken, and he didn't exactly want to die from underwater predators, so swimming wasn't an option.

Head set back down on the surface, he closed his eyes with a sigh.

Just as he was about to doze off, though, a loud roar of a dragon pierced the air, echoing in the cave, and he tensed, fully forgetting his little nap.

And lunch.

Then again, where would he get _lunch_...?

O\-oOo-/O

Hiccup stared, silent. The roar had died out, and he couldn't hear anything now... Was the dragon coming, or not?

Two minutes later, and he decided to go back to slee-

SPLASH.

With a yelp, he jumped back, and pain immediately shot through his veins. Drenched, he shook his head roughly, water droplets flying off. Coughing, he rubbed his eyes, blinking. He looked over the ledge, trying to spot what could have made that splash.

Nothing appeared to be in the water, well, at least for nineteen seconds.

With a underwater rumble to warn Hiccup (he immediately backed up), a large figure's neck and head emerged, giving Hiccup the first real look at his saviour.

It was a dragon, as he had expected. It didn't take an expert to know the dragon was a Scauldron, due to the fact they were the most iconic Tidal Class dragon known. The magnificent creature had aquamarine coloured scales, that appeared slightly darker at the back of his neck, and his snout- its eyes were a pale shade of yellow, that almost appeared white; this was strange for a Scauldron, so perhaps it was a habitat pr climate thing.

Shortly after the Scaudlron appeared, another dragon rose from the water, but not one he had expected to see.

He couldn't be sure, but judging by the smaller figure, it was probably a female, so he'd just go with that. The dragoness looked at the Scauldron, who was most likely a male, (he would never admit that was actually a random guess) and tilted her head.

It was a large Monstrous Nightmare, and unlike any one he'd ever seen. She had shimmery, pearlescent scales that glittered and shone,

which were a bizarre colour for the species; yellow. Lemon, to be precise (Fishlegs had insisted on giving them a lesson on colours)- the spines were a even lighter shade, and the dragon's underside was blonde, almost like Astrid's hair. Now, _that_ was weird to think about. The eyes, also strange, were a whiteish sandy yellow, quiet similar to the Scauldron's.

However, after a brief moment of squinting, Hiccup found himself squirming in mortification. Half of her face had been brutally wrecked...

That was going to give him nightmares, wasn't it?

O\-oOo-/O

Blueclaw nudged the human hatchling's arm, noticing he was trembling. Silently following his gaze, the Scauldron realised he was scared by Lostface's... Well, her face. He wrinkled his nose in disgust, still completely despising the cruel name.

It was a customary thing in the nest; there were four ranks of position, and you were named according to those.

There was the hatchling name, when you stayed in the nursery. Whatever your name was, and for the Scauldron it was 'Blue', they stuck a 'ling' onto the end. When you became an apprentice, the first part of your name remained, just with 'paw' added on. When you became a warrior, and could hunt and patrol on your own, it was added with whatever. For Blueclaw, it had been the word 'claw'. He didn't really know why the Queen had chosen that for him, but he supposed it was alright.

Lostface, though, was just _cruel_. He had just been promoted to warrior when he ran away, and his friend had still been an apprentice, about to rank up.

That was another thing that bothered him; the incident must have happened not that long ago, for her warrior name to have been _Lostface_. Her apprentice name had been Ariapaw, although he usually called her by 'Aria' since the real one sounded so awkward. They'd often laugh at it, not really caring that it was the most bizarre name in the whole nest.

Bundling up his emotions, he set them aside for now. He could do something about that later when he returned to the nest.

Speaking of the dragoness, she swam up to the ledge, only making Hiccup even more uncomfortable. Cooing, she stretched her neck up, nuzzling his broken ankle gently. She hissed softly, looking to her friend for an explanation.

'It was like that when I found him.' Blueclaw explained. 'I don't know how to heal it... I don't think we could.'

'No.' Lostface sighed, raising up her snout so her eyes met the boy's.

Blueclaw couldn't help but watch with adoration, as she continued to fuss over him. 'Hello you...' She murmured softly, which would have

sounded like a gentle growl to the human. She nuzzled his trembling arm, cooing.

Hiccup, still scared, spoke up. "...He... Hello? I'm... I'm Hiccup..." Lostface cooed, although slightly shocked by the name.

Blueclaw snorted in anger- who names their precious hatchling _Hiccup_?!

Then again, he didn't know human customs, and it certainly wasn't as bad as Lostface.

After a while, she pressed her snout into his chest, rumbling quietly. Gaining a bit of confidence, and pretty certain she wouldn't kill him if he tried, he decided to try and investigate those scars.

He tentatively reached up with his hand, running his fingers lightly over the end of her snout; Lostface growled quietly as his fingers traced a line around her scars, mortification increasing on his expression. Hiccup slowed, but seemed persistent. Lostface started shaking slightly, not sure if she liked this.

The hatchling ran a singly finger lightly over one scar across her eye, his eyes watery. It was the work of Dragon Hunters.

"How could any one do this..." He whispered, lifting his hand away to rest on her jaw.

Lostface whimpered, lowering her head to nuzzle his shoulder. A moment later, she felt arms slip around her large head, bringing her close to his own body. Silent, she wasn't really sure what to do, but took it was a show of human affection.

After a while, he sniffed, using a hand to wipe away the water in his eyes.

He looked over at the Scauldron, who swam over to greet Hiccup too.

"Thank you... For saving my life." The boy said quietly, stroking the side of the dragon's head.

Lostface looked at him with pride. She knew that he was still him, and not the murderer those foolish dragons had branded him as.

"That's it." Hiccup suddenly said. "I need to name you two."

They practically reared up in surprise; He wanted to do what? _We already have names_! She thought, but then stopped. He was a human, and they couldn't understand dragonese- how was he supoosed to know?

Lostface looked at Blueclaw, who seemed to have realised this too.

Hiccup stroked the female Monstrous Nightmare's face, careful to avoid her scars, and thought hard.

"Hmm... What to name you... You're simply beautiful, I can't choose something... No, that wouldn't work..."

Lostface nearly gulped; what horrors was this boy thinking of naming her?

"How about... Brightheart?" Her eyes widened in surprise. Behind her, the Scauldron was personally digging it.

She eventually cooed, deciding she loved it _way_ more than her actual name. Brightheart it was.

The hatchling smiled, confirming it with a scratch under her scaly chin. He turned to the tidal dragon, tilting his head.

'I bet it's going to be awesome as.' He huffed proudly.

The recently named Brightheart rolled her eyes. He continued on, just as an idea struck Hiccup- the _perfect_ name. 'Cool and menacing, just like me. You know, like Typhoo-'

Hiccup suddenly threw himself at the Scauldron, throwing his arms over the dragon's huge head.

And, he gave the Scauldron the most _terrifying, proud, _the most _powerful _and _majestic_ name ever-

"BUBBLES!"

Brightheart soon found herself laughing at _Bubbles_' priceless expression...

_So_ much better than Blueclaw.

O\-oOo-/O

**Next Chapter: **

Chapter Seven: Where Are You?

A/N:

Hey guys! Guess what- I have a Fanfiction apprentice! WolfLoverBoy is a new, aspiring HttyD Author. I'm his Beta-Reader, and his 'mentor', so to speak. If you have the time, please check out his first story, 'The Night Time Visitor' and offer whatever help you can! :D

**Sorry, had to throw that in there. **

**On a side note... Bubbles was a name just too FREAKING CUTE AND FLUFFY to NOT name him. Also, Lightning, and a guest reviewer wanted it. XD **

**If you are familiar with the _Warrior Cats_ novel series by _Erin Hunter_, you'll know who Brightheart is meant to represent. There is a cat in the books, who has the same name, and has a lot of similarities to the Monstrous Nightmare- I even tried to match up colour scheme, by using different shades of yellow, instead of red or

green. **

Also, the whole rank thing in the Queen's nest is very similar to that of in the Warriors books.

**Quick Reminders: **

1. There is a new Poll on my page- if you haven't already, please check it out. It'd mean a lot to me. :D

2. The 'This Is War' Hiatus has officially begun! Thanks for all the support, and I'll see any of you who read it in Part Two, 'Over The Years'.

REFERENCES-

**No
references.**

O\-oOo-/O

ShoutOuts:

**LightningAndDeathItself218- **

Sorry, buddy, but there's not gonna be a lot of Hiccup/Melody interaction in this one. BUT, there will be cute Melody, and lots of cute Hiccup, just not being cute together. Dammit; I almost want to change it, but I'm not going too. XD Annnnnddd... Did you get your answer and wish? Thanks for the review!

PS- If you want Hiccup/Bubbles fluff with your Melody/Hiccup cuteness, then you're gonna get your wish... MWAHAHAAHA! (I'm so evil.)

**midnightsky0612- **

Thanks! BUBBLES FOREVER! XD

As always, thanks to all readers, followers, favourite-ers (I'm pretty sure that's _not_ a word...) and reviewers! I love you all!

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End
file.